THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 26, 1807.

Biographical Sketch of Sir John Borlase Warren.

THE admiral is descended from the earls of Warenne, who traced their origin up to the Plantagenets. The family in Cheshire is of the same stock, being of Norman extraction. His more immediate ancestor was John Burlacy, of St. Newbrine, in Cornwall, being one branch of the Burlacys. Another was Dr. Borlase, the historian of that county; while a third included Humphry Borlase, created Lord Borlase by King James II. after his abdication. The one we allude to removed into Buckinghamshire, where it obtained considerable estates. Sir William Borlase founded a charity-school for boys at Great Marlow, in consideration of his son being elected the representative of that place. The trustees for this charity are the inhabitants of Marlow, subject to the approval of the head of the Warren family. Great Marlow sends twenty boys, Little Marlow and Medmanham two each. This last-mentioned place has been rendered remarkable for containing the abbey, in which the late celebrated John Wilkes and Lord le Despencer were two of its *pious* monks. Sir John derives the name of Borlase from his great grandmother, who was the daughter and heiress of Sir John Borlase Warren, bart. of Bockmore, lieutenant-colonel of Lord Vere's regiment, so famous in the war of the palatinate for the protection of the king of Bohemia, and which afterwards served under the prince of Orange in the Low Countries.

We are told that Sir John can shew the boots and spurs of his ancestor, the first earl of Warenne, as well as his sword, upon the hilt of which he is said to have put his hand on being interrogated by his jealous sovereign how he acquired his large estate? "By this I acquired it," answered he, "and by this

I will maintain it." An ancestor of our hero was distinguished in his time by the appellation of Beau Warren. He was a man of eccentric taste in his table as well as in his dress.

Sir John was put to school by his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Warren, of Stratton Audley, to Mr. Princeps, at Bicester, in Oxfordshire, from whom he was removed to Winchester, where he had been but a short time matriculated when he testified so strong a passion for the sea, that his friends did not think it wise to endeavour further to restrain it. Lord Ferrers, upon being made acquainted with young Warren's determination, carried him on board the Alderney sloop of war, Captain O'Hara. In this ship he made his first voyage to the North Seas, for the protection of the fisheries. Thence he was appointed to the Marlborough, under the immediate patronage of Lord Howe. After about four years service, he was urged by his friends to resume those studies which he had prematurely abandoned. He was entered of Emanuel College, Cambridge; and, having taken his degree of master of arts, left the university to make a tour on the continent.

Upon his succeeding to the estates of Little Marlow and Medmanham, he returned home, and entered into the fashionable dissipation of the times. His fortune, we believe was hurt, but not materially, by play. From this amusement he turned to one less dangerous, and more compatible with the profession he had adopted. He fitted up a yacht on the Severn, and purchased Lundy Island in that river, for the convenience of a port, and refreshments for his crew.

Having mentioned the foible to which, like many other young men of fashion, he had inclined, it is incumbent on us to relate two noble actions which have particularly distinguished him for his munificence. Meeting with Frederick, grandson of Theodore, king of Corsica, in company with Mr. Turner, afterwards Sir John Dryden, then an officer in the guards, and learning that he was as destitute of the fortune as of the other attributes of a royal descendant, he purchased a commission for him in a marching regiment, and obtained him a recommendation to the commander in chief in America, where he fell in action, a lieutenant. On the urgent necessity for increasing our force during the war with the colonies, Sir John visited the Fleet and King's-Bench prisons, where he released, by his own fortune alone, all the navy officers confined for debt.

Sir John sat for Marlow twice; and, upon his first election, had but six votes against him, in such popular esteem was he held at that place. While he was a member of the house of commons, his zeal for the service occasioned him to go on board the Venus, then Captain (afterwards admiral) Williams. He next served in the Apollo, Captain Pownall, and in this

ship

ship completed his service, and was appointed fourth lieutenant of the Nonsuch, 64 guns, Commodore Griffith, and was in the engagement with Lord Howe against Comte d'Estaing.

Early in the year 1779, Lieutenant Warren was appointed first of the Victory, with Sir Charles Hardy's flag on board, as commander in chief of the western squadron, and in this situation he had the favour and instruction of that excellent seaman, Admiral Kempenfelt. In the same year he was advanced to the rank of commander, and had the Helena sloop of war, lately captured from the French. In 1781, he was made post, and had the command of the Ariadne.

Soon after he had attained the rank of post-captain he had an engagement with a French frigate, L'Aigle, of 44 guns, and 400 men. The action lasted near an hour, when the frigate hauled her wind from the Ariadne (of only 20 guns), and by superior sailing made St. Maloes. The admiralty now gave him the command of the Winchelsea frigate, 32 guns, attached to the fleet of Sir John Lockhart Ross, in the north seas. The last service Captain Warren performed, before the peace of 1783, was that of watching the Dutch fleet off the Texel, where he took three privateers.

The American war being at an end, Sir John had an opportunity of enjoying that society in which he was so deservedly esteemed. He married the youngest daughter of General Sir John Clavering, K.B. whose lady was a daughter of Earl Delawarr. He made two cruises in the interval of peace, one as a volunteer in a squadron of evolution, composed of six ships of the line, and three frigates, under Commodore Leveson Gower. About this time he was appointed a groom of the bedchamber to his royal highness the duke of Clarence, with whom he served on board the Valiant, of 74 guns.

Upon the rupture with France in 1793, he sailed from Spithead in the Flora, of 36 guns, accompanied by another frigate, as convoy to the Lisbon and Oporto ships. Admiral Crosby, with five sail of the line, covered this service. While the convoy was preparing to return, Sir John Warren chased a frigate into L'Orient, and captured L'Affamee, French privateer, on his way back to Lisbon. He arrived with the Druid and Fury sloop in the Downs during the month of October, having safely convoyed a hundred sail of merchantmen. In the next year he was employed in an arduous service: a squadron of frigates was placed under Admiral M'Bride's flag for convoying a body of the British troops, with the view of assisting the royalist army in Brittany, under the French Generals L'Escure, Charette, &c. Many French officers of distinction embarked in the Flora, along with the earl of Moira, Generals Crosby, Hunter, &c. Four thousand men were landed in the island of Guernsey, where continuing two months, without being able to

execute the first design, they were disembarked at Cowes, in the isle of Wight. The admiral removed his flag to the Cumberland, 74 guns, and sent the Flora with three other ships of war on a cruise off the French coast. Under these orders Sir John Warren drove two of the enemy's cruisers into port, and captured a republican corvette brig of eighteen guns and 100 men.

Intelligence being received that a squadron of French frigates from Cancale Bay had made prizes of many of our merchantmen in the mouth of the Channel, Sir John was dispatched in the Flora, as commodore, with the Arethusa, Concorde, La Nymphe, and the Melampus. The French were powerful and swift-sailing frigates; one of them, however, the Carmagnole, had run ashore during a chase, and bilged. On the 23d of April, 1794, the four ships of the enemy, with La Pomone at their head, left the bay, in hopes of intercepting the trade from Cork. An engagement ensued that lasted three hours; the glorious result of which was, the capture of La Pomone and two other of those fine frigates; the third, La Resolue, escaped into Morlaix. Sir John Warren's narrative of the brilliant affair gave universal satisfaction, and his majesty soon after created him a knight of the bath. At the end of the same year, the commodore was dispatched with a stronger squadron, with which he drove a French ship of 40 guns, La Felicité, on the Penmark-rocks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IMPROVEMENT *in* NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

NO philanthropic mind can be indifferent to the many distressing accounts of shipwreck which from time to time are received. Whatever means can lessen the evil, must, doubtless, be hailed with joy by every individual in this commercial country, and adopted with that promptitude which their value deserves. Most of the disasters at sea are supposed to arise from the present imperfect mode of constructing vessels, and particularly from the present insufficient action of the rudder to insure a vessel against missing stays, or keeping off a lee-shore.

Earl Stanhope has lately invented a new method of performing these and other important operations at sea, by the contrivance of very powerful steering machines, of a new construction, called *gills*, which are placed considerably under the water-line, and fixed near each end, both at head and stern. With a boat furnished with this new apparatus, some very interesting and conclusive experiments were made on Monday, October

October 12, 1807, on the large piece of water in Kensington Garden, and were attended with the most complete success. They were intended to shew, and clearly prove, that by means of that apparatus, a ship or vessel becomes incomparably more manageable than by means of a common rudder alone.

The boat being ballasted with a ton and half of ballast, and being nearly upon a level keel, but a little down by the stern, she was tried both with the wind and against the wind, without the rudder, and with the rudder, and also against the rudder, in order to see which was the most powerful. The head gills on one side were equal to the rudder, when it was held at two points and a quarter upon an average. The stern gills on one side were equal to the rudder, when it was placed at two points and three-eighths upon an average; but when the head and stern-gills were all open on one side of the vessel, and acting in conjunction with each other, but in opposition to the rudder, they were found to be superior to the rudder, and to out-balance it when it was placed hard over no less than 37 degrees and a half, which is considerably a greater angle than that at which the rudders of ships are placed either on board ships of war or merchantmen, as in general the angle seldom exceeds 30 degrees.

The immense utility of the gill apparatus was also proved by the following experiments:—When the boat was rowed, the stern gills on one side made her perform a complete circle in six minutes; the head gills on one side produced the same effect in four minutes and fifty seconds; the rudder in four minutes fifteen seconds, when it was put over quite hard; the head and stern gills, acting in conjunction, in four minutes; and the head and stern gills, acting in conjunction with each other, and with the rudder, described a circle in two minutes and forty seconds; which is a clear proof how powerfully the gills will tend to assist the steerage of a vessel, and to prevent her from getting into the trough of the sea in a gale of wind, which is always dangerous; and also to prevent a ship missing stays, which frequently produces the most fatal effects in narrow channels, amongst rocks, and on a lee-shore.

His lordship, after trying several experiments in rounding, tacking, and keeping to a certain point, landed about six o'clock, and expressed his perfect satisfaction, and confidence in having succeeded in his design; the benefits and advantages of which are numerous, and are as follow: that there is one-third of the expence saved in the construction of a 74; that on account of being rather flat-bottomed, it will carry more tonnage; it will navigate in very shallow water, and over breakers or sunken rocks, without the risk that a ship with a keel runs; on approaching any rock or coast it can immediately retire, without loss of time in putting about; does not require half the sails, all of which

which can be worked by men on the deck, without going aloft; the composition which covers it is infinitely cheaper than copper, and answers the same purpose; it can sail nearly against the wind, by working the gills; with many other advantages, with which we are as yet unacquainted. Several experienced officers expressed themselves very warmly in favour of it.

THE PIGEON.

By KOTZEBUE.

"ON the opposite side of the Rhine lies a village, which was my birth place. My father, who was a rich peasant, died about two years ago. I was his only daughter. When I was little, Fritz was little."

"Fritz—who is Fritz?"

"That is my husband here. When we were both children we loved each other—and when it was fair time in our village, his parents used to come over to us, and I always saved a piece of the best cake for him: and when it was vintage with them, he used to save the finest bunch of grapes for me. So it went on, until I was confirmed, when our parents had a dispute. My father always kept a large pigeon-house, and the pigeons used to go in flights over the Rhine, and eat Fritz's father's corn. At first he spoke to my father about it in a neighbourly friendly manner; but after having repeated this several times, and the grievance still continued, he became angry—my father also became angry. Much ill-nature passed between them, and one day, when our pigeons were gone to feast again upon his corn, he took his gun, and shot in among the thickest of them. He repeated it on the second and third day. My father and I looked after our pigeons, but they were not to be found. I cried very much, for I was very fond of them; and as I went up to the pigeon-house, I found two young ones with scarcely any feathers on them, and now without a mother. What will become of them? thought I, and carrying them down into my chamber, laid the poor little things into warm wool, and fed them myself. One died, but the other was healthy, and grew large, and because it was an only one, had no friend but myself. I loved it as well as all the rest put together.

"I was really angry with Fritz's father, but not with him: for, thought I, Fritz is good, and would not have done it."

"That was true," interrupted Fritz, "for I said to my father, that I would rather never eat white bread again, than that the good Christal should have a moment's pain; but my father laughed, and shot at the pigeons."

"Yes,"

"Yes," continued the wife, "he shot, and my father complained of him to the magistrates, and they had a law-suit about it, which cost each of them as much money as would have bought all the pigeons along the banks of the Rhine; but money on either side would have been nothing, had not they become the bitterest enemies. The next fair, Fritz was not allowed to come over to us, and when it was vintage with them, I was obliged to stay at home. That was the first time I observed that I loved Fritz: for I would not have given a farthing for the whole vintage; it was only for Fritz's sake that I wished to go."

"We, however, contrived to see each other," observed Fritz. "I wish I had as many pistoles, as I have rowed over the stream times. I remember once, when I had not seen Christal for three days, on account of the ice, I could bear it no longer; but springing into my boat, recommended myself to God, and began to row over. Christal stood on the opposite shore, and made a signal that I should go back; but I thought she made a signal that I should come on. Her father came and dragged her away; so that I was obliged to return disappointed and out of heart, with my rudder broken. I ventured, however, another time; and although Christal scolded me for my rashness, I was glad to see she was not at all displeased with me."

"No," said the wife, "I was not displeased with him, but I would rather not have seen Fritz for a month than that he should have run into such danger. My father, however, discovered that I saw him sometimes; he gave me a slap in the face, and threatened to horse-whip me if ever I cast my eyes on Fritz again; but that was of no use; he came twice a week, and always staid until he got to see me. I knew I should always see him at church. He used always to sit near the font, and when he stood up with his hat before his eyes to say the Lord's Prayer, I always saw that he cast his eye towards our pew, and gave me a look of love."

"Indeed," said the peasant, "I went to your church only to see you? but I used often to say, that the parson of your village preached better than our's, and that he spoke more to the heart; yet it was your black eyes which spoke most to my heart. I hated your parson, on account of his son; you know what I mean, wife."

"How should I do otherwise: the parson's son was a young fop, and was following me every where. He had studied, and could even make verses. He used to compare my eyes to all sorts of stones, and my neck to all sorts of flowers and animals. Give yourself no trouble about me, said I to him; but he never regarded me: for my father was a rich man, and his father was willing that we should become husband and wife.

My father was also pleased with him as he was in favour with the prince, and likely to become a great man; and still more delighted with the idea of my being a parson's wife, and sitting finely dressed in the pew on a Sunday. But fine clothes, and the best place at church, are all nothing to me, if the heart be not content.

"The parson's son was a fine gentleman, who went with his hair finely powdered, and looked at me through a glass; but Fritz's brown hair, and his dark and sparkling eyes, were far dearer to me. I was obliged to suffer a great deal on account of my stubbornness, as they called it. The old parson used often to advise me to marry his son, in the same scolding tone with which he spoke in the pulpit. My father told me that if I would marry the young parson, I should love him afterwards; but I knew that it would be better to marry Fritz, and then I should love him both before and after. However, the parson and my father comforted themselves with the thought of my being only a child, and that I should know better when I was older.

"During all this time Fritz had never said a word to me about love; but I always saw it in his eyes as clear as the sun at noon. If he looked round sharply, my heart began to beat, and I was forced to cast my eyes down on the ground. If he took hold of my hand, my cheeks would be as hot as a loaf just out of the oven.

"By this time my pigeon was become quite large, and ate out of my hand and mouth; when I went to walk she would go with me. I thought it was impossible to love her more, but since that I have loved her much more. I one day took a walk to the foot of the mountain, upon which stood the ruins of an old castle, which was only inhabited by owls and bats, and the thick round towers by nests of hawks.

"While I was wandering about and thinking on Fritz, I forgot my pigeon, who had followed me according to her custom. I began to look about, and perceived a frightful hawk hovering over her; in the next instant it disappeared with her behind a hill—I shrieked aloud, trembled, and stood motionless with grief. I began at length to cry and complain against Fritz: for if I had not thought so much of him, I should not have so forgotten my pigeon. All on a sudden he appeared at the top of the hill with my pigeon in his hand, which he shewed me was alive and fluttered."

Peasant. "It was my custom to go to this old tower, and mount one of the walls, from whence I could see the whole village where Christal lived, and could see her sit knitting at her own door. When I saw her coming I got down, and reached the spot just time enough to save her pigeon, who was not hurt, but only very much frightened; and as I heard

Christal crying, I jumped up to the top of the hill, and held the pigeon by its feet that she might see it flutter."

Peasant's Wife. "I leaped and clasped my hands for joy; and when Fritz brought it to me he kissed me for the first time; but he kissed me so often that we again forgot the pigeon; but she was now grown shy, and would not go from my side. We sat down on the grass for at least two hours, and Fritz spoke to me about marriage, and how we should raise a farm for ourselves. It was time to separate before we perceived it. Fritz was melancholy, and wished me to give him the pigeon, that he might have something to keep that belonged to me. I must have loved him very much, for I gave him my pigeon—he pressed it to his heart, and smiling on it, said it was dearer to him than his life."

Peasant. "That she really was. I carried her about in my bosom; she ate from my hand, and slept in my bed."

Wife. "But as soon as Fritz opened the window she flew out, and came back to me. When he came again he tried it once more, and finding that she always returned directly to me, he one day tied a ribband round her neck, and fastened a letter to it for me. What a pleasure this was to me! I hugged and kissed the little creature, and would not have taken a whole flock of sheep for her. By degrees we formed a regular communication in this manner. He took it with him, whenever he came to meet me, and sent it back the next day at a certain hour. When she came to my room window she pecked with her bill at the glass. I opened it, took off the letter, and then fed her with the corn which was always ready for her when she came.

"One day the young parson came to visit me; the weather was very fine, and we took our seats before the door. He chattered much about love, and as the air was sultry, I began to sleep; but as soon as I heard the clock strike, the hour that my pigeon was to come, I was directly brisk, and was going to my chamber, but my young parson would not let me go.—I sat upon thorns.

"He told me that he had observed a young peasant sneaking after me, and that he had also observed him giving me sly looks at church. 'I should be ashamed,' said he.—Here I grew so angry, that I jumped up, resolving to hear no more: he stood in my way, declaring I should not go; when, behold my pigeon came flying close to me—not having been able to get in at my window, she heard my voice, and came and sat upon my shoulder. I was terrified, and hastily pulling the string with the letter off its neck, put it into my pocket; but the parson had seen it. 'What was that?' asked he curiously; 'Nothing,' said I, angrily; but my red cheeks gave the lie to my words. He then became serious, and looked sharply at me;

the more he looked, the redder my cheeks grew. 'Ah! ah!' continued he, 'I see how it is.' 'What do you see?' said I; 'That you are more cunning than I thought you; but we shall have this affair looked into.' With these words he went away, giving me at the same time just such a look as a schoolmaster gives to a truant boy, whom he is going to punish. Let the fool think and believe what he likes, thought I. But this wicked man played me a spiteful trick. Fritz was now very unhappy, because my father had threatened me with nothing less than a curse if I would not give him up. He sent me a letter by my pigeon, in which he cursed the young man, complained of the cruelty of my father, and talked of throwing himself into the Rhine.

(To be continued.)

NEW PLAN *for* MILE-HOUSES.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the Editor,

Sir,

IT must be admitted, that any plan which will render travelling more pleasant and agreeable, is worthy of attentive consideration; and if it can be proved that it is likely to lessen the expence ultimately, to make the road more safe, and to benefit the poor of the neighbouring parishes, prejudice will not prevent its adoption. The plan I have to propose, will, I think, embrace all the above advantages; and therefore, without farther preamble, I submit it to your consideration.

Travelling between London and High Wycomb, but especially between Uxbridge and London, I was struck most forcibly with the numerous gangs of labourers who were working upon the road; and I could not help calculating the number of useless miles they must daily walk, and the number of hours so lost, which might be more advantageously employed. It occurred to me, that it would be beneficial to erect small cottages, where the mile-stones now are, for the use of labourers upon the road: and to write up in front of the cottage the number of miles from London, or other place. A labourer living in one of these cottages, should have the care of the road half way to the cottage on each side of him; the next cottage the same, and so on. Each man's house will be in the centre of his work, so that himself and his tools will be always at hand: and he may be continually employed in paring up the sides of the road; filling in hollows; letting the water out of the ruts: scraping up the slush, and, in dry weather, gathering up and screening the dust. By keeping the dust well scraped up, the roads

roads will run much easier and pleasanter; and when wet comes, the slush will be much less, and the roads not run so stiff.

In regard to the labourers employed, every man's work will speak for itself; and the surveyor will see whether each has done justice to his allotted task; if not, the commissioners may discharge him, and put another in his place, by which means they will soon get a regular set of labourers. Near London, where two labourers are employed on one mile, each man should have the care of his half-mile, that one man may not be blamed for the neglect of another.

The surveyor will have no occasion for foremen to keep the labourers to their work; he will only have to ride through his district to see that it is done.

A good footway would be very desirable, which is very seldom to be found, except near large towns.

The cottages should be built all alike, that travellers may know it is a mile-house before they come directly to it. As houses are provided for the labourers, they will of course receive less wages, a part being deducted for rent. The road-men should be selected in the parish the mile-house stands in; or, at least, parishioners should have the preference, if proper persons are to be found among them. Each man should be allowed proper tools, which may be marked with the same number as his mile-house.

I should suppose the greater part of these cottages may be built on the waste ground by the road-side, and have a small garden at each end of the house to prevent any nuisance against it; and a small yard behind for litter, &c. that the front may be kept clean and neat.

The men being thus distributed on the road, will greatly contribute to the safety of travellers; and more particularly so, if the magistrates give them instructions to make observations on any suspicious persons they may see on the road; and when such persons are brought to justice by their vigilance, they may be rewarded accordingly. In case of accidents on the road, they will be ready to give assistance.

As the extremity of the part allotted to each labourer will be but half a mile from the house, there will be little loss of time in going to their work, meals, or to change their tools, as their work may require.

The cottages might be built at a small expence, and the mile-stone fixed in them, so as to be very convenient to be seen, and sufficiently out of reach, to prevent its being defaced, as mile-stones so generally are. By way of example, suppose a mile-house is built upon Turnham Green, which is five miles on the Bath road, as that mile-stone stands on the green in the county of Middlesex, and in the parish of Chiswick, the first line should indicate the county, the second the parish, the third

the village or town, if it happens to stand in one; if not, the county, parish, and miles. Suppose a village or town to stand between two mile-houses, as, for instance, Hounslow does, let the name be on each mile-stone, marked ☞ town ☜ so that the traveller coming either way will know what place he is going to.

I have for many years made use of artificial stone, and find it answer so well, I have had an inscription-stone made of it for the inspection of such gentlemen as may see the utility of the plan. I likewise have made a stone ball to fix on the top of the house, to inform the traveller that he is approaching a mile-house, as he will not see the inscription stone 'till nearly opposite it. Those who have travelled the Bath road, know what pleasure is derivable to the traveller from knowing where he is.

There are many other advantages which travellers will reap from the above plan, which must naturally occur, and which it is consequently unnecessary to state here. The benefit which the parishes will derive from the plan are also manifold: the principal of them is, that the house will be a comfortable asylum to an industrious labourer, and render it unnecessary for the parish to provide a place of residence for him and his family.

It is lamentable to perceive the decrease of cottages in villages: to so great a pitch has this evil arisen, that it is too notorious to require proof, that in many villages the workhouses are crouded, because there are not cottages enough to hold the poor inhabitants. The mile-houses would greatly benefit the parishes and the poor in this respect.

It remains for me now, only to prove my first proposition, viz. that my plan will ultimately lessen the expence of keeping roads in repair. The expence of building ten of these mile-houses will be one hundred pounds, or thereabouts, each; the labourer will gladly pay one shilling a week for the rent of them, and supposing that the trustees save only one man in ten miles, whose wages was ten shillings per week, full five per cent. will be received for the money so laid out: but in many situations more than two men may be saved in ten miles, and consequently a trust will be considerable gainers by my plan.

HENRY DAWES.

February 10, 1807, 45, *Brewer-street, Golden-square.*

P.S. If the partition between the room, fuel, and tool-house be brick noggin, it will only want plastering the inside of the room, which will be much better than lath and plaster on both sides. The road-man's name may be painted on an iron door-plate, which, when necessary, can be easily altered.

The following fixtures will be required, that the house may not be damaged by change of tenants.

In

In the kitchen, a small dresser with two drawers and three shelves; a thirty-inch forest grate, with sliding cheeks.

In the pantry, a small sink, and three shelves.

In the bed-room, an eighteen inch forest-grate.

It will be necessary to furnish the labourer with the undermentioned tools, for which he must be answerable:—A wheelbarrow, spade, shovel, pickaxe, scraper, screen.

It would be an additional advantage if he had the following also, in case of accidents: A hatchet, hammer, saw, and lantern

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THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 8.

To Annabella.

SINCE my last letter to my charming Annabella, I have proceeded but slowly on my journey, and as the cause of my delay has greatly interested my feelings, I shall communicate it without any further apology. It was a calm unclouded evening when I entered the village of F——, and notwithstanding my fatigue, I was induced, by the beauty of the scenery, to take a solitary walk across the adjacent meadows. The full moon had just arisen in silent grandeur, and every object conduced to harmonize the feelings of the soul; but I still experienced that deep depression of spirits which ever haunts me in the absence of my Annabella, and which nothing but her beauteous presence can possibly dissipate. "Alas (I exclaimed) how long must this fragile frame be the seat of every warring passion! How long must despair triumph over the gaiety and vigour of my youth, and hurry me on to premature old age! The spirit of calmness seems to pervade the whole creation, and nothing but yon winding stream, that murmurs through its rocky channel, reminds me of my melancholy fate. Those troubled waters will soon be lost in the bosom of the great deep; and so shall all *my* sorrows terminate in the vast ocean of eternity."

Absorbed in such serious contemplations, I had incautiously entered an intricate path of a neighbouring forest, nor was I aware of my imprudence 'till the sound of distant music roused me from my reverie. They were the sweetest tones I ever heard, and so forcibly excited my curiosity, that I hastened silently to the spot, from whence they seemed to proceed. In a few minutes I arrived at a circular glade, in the center of which stood an enormous oak, which might be well entitled "the monarch of the forest." I was about to approach, when I perceived a figure, enveloped in a long black mantle, kneeling

at

at its foot. Undetermined whether to retire or proceed, I made a sudden stop, when in a moment the mysterious stranger sprung from his supplicating posture, and, uttering a wild shriek, rushed into the opposite thicket. I immediately drew near the stately tree, though not without some degree of trepidation, occasioned by this unexpected and unaccountable adventure. Finding nothing there to unravel the mystery, I thought it prudent to return to the village as expeditiously as possible; and having, with much difficulty, extricated myself from the shady labyrinth, I again entered the door of the inn; it was the only one in the neighbourhood, and its neatness, and the simplicity of its inhabitants, amply compensated for all its other inconveniencies. "Heaven be praised (exclaimed the good old landlord,) Heaven be praised, you are safely returned, master! for we have been in dreadful consternation, lest you should have rambled into the forest, and fallen a victim to the anger of Rhinaldo. Besides, Sir, it is well known that the most awful spectres have been seen there, and not one of the whole village would walk within a hundred yards of it, after sunset, for the crown of an emperor." And who is this mighty Rhinaldo (said I) whose vengeance is so terrible? "*Who* he is (continued the old man) nobody, I believe, knows; but every one that lives near him soon learns *what* he is. It is about two years since he purchased the castle of Montalbon, which stands on the opposite hill; and around which he has raised sufficient fortifications to keep a whole army at defiance. He has ruined half the poor girls in the neighbourhood, and amongst the rest, about six months since, he attempted the virtue of Rosa, the daughter of an honest and reputable farmer. Rosa was a girl of a thousand, and resisted his importunities with wonderful resolution; for, exclusive of her moral and religious principles, she was tenderly beloved by young Martin of the mill; and their passion was mutual. It was the chief pleasure of Martin and Rosa to meet, after the toils of day, at the foot of the great oak in the middle of the forest; of which Rhinaldo being apprized, contrived a deep scheme to deprive Martin of his freedom, and Rosa of her chastity.

"With this intent, he sallied forth one evening, with several armed attendants, and having concealed them near the spot of the lover's meeting, he approached the innocent couple with an air of haughtiness and indignation. 'Wretch, (at last he exclaimed, addressing poor Martin) wretch! villain! traitor! what business hast thou in this forest? Dost thou not know 'tis *mine*, and that imprisonment is the fate of all plebeians that have the audacity to trespass on it: and *such*, presumptuous boy, is *thy* doom, unless this silly girl immediately returns with me to the castle.' 'That shall she *never*, (cried the indignant Martin); rather would I starve in prison, or in banishment,

than

than suffer even the breath of dishonour to pollute her virgin lips.' Rhinaldo drew his sword; but in an instant Martin lifting his oaken staff, felled his opponent to the earth. The attendants then rushed to their master's assistance, and after a long and obstinate struggle, the unfortunate Martin was obliged to surrender. Rhinaldo having recovered his senses, at first resolved to put the prisoner to immediate death; but reflecting for awhile, he gave the extravagant order that a large sepulchre should be hollowed out beneath the oak, in which Martin should be entombed alive; and that his sufferings might be lingering, a quantity of bread and water should be given him, and a small aperture made through the trunk of the oak to admit fresh air. This sentence was absolutely executed, and poor Martin has, doubtless, long since been released from all earthly cares. What became of Rosa no one knows, but it is generally supposed she was carried by force to the castle. Since this occurrence, Rhinaldo has threatened death to any one that dares enter the forest."

My landlord was about to proceed, when a troop of horsemen arrived at the door; they enquired the way to Montalbon Castle, and passed on. Several other troops followed them in the course of the night and the ensuing day. The next evening, in defiance of Rhinaldo's threats, I again proceeded to the forest, but took the precaution of arming myself at all points. I soon reached the glade, and again saw the mysterious being kneeling as before. Resolved to gratify my curiosity, I drew my sword, and springing towards the supplicant stranger, prevented an escape; but what was my astonishment, when on seizing the black mantle it fell on the ground, and discovered a beautiful young female in the very act of fainting. At this critical period, a man crossed the glade with great velocity; I started from the inanimate girl, and put myself in a defensive attitude, when the wretch turned round and discharged a pistol at me, but luckily without effect; I did not hesitate to return the compliment, which brought my opponent to the ground. Scarcely had he dropped when several of the troopers made their appearance, and, after a short explanation, I found they were in pursuit of the very person that had fallen, and *that person* was *Rhinaldo*. Now Rhinaldo had been a robber, and as his history is rather too long to allow of an admission in the present sheet, I shall defer it 'till another opportunity.

The troopers having conveyed him away, I found my beautiful *unknown* clasping my knees, and pouring forth prayers to Heaven for my prosperity. "And is Rhinaldo really dead," said she. "Oh! my deliverer! how shall I express my gratitude? For six long months have I paid my adoration at the tomb of my unfortunate Martin, and (thanks to the Almighty)

he still lives." But not to fatigue my Annabella's patience by too minute a detail of circumstances, I shall conclude this romantic adventure as briefly as possible. It appeared that after the encounter between Rhinaldo and Martin, which occasioned his confinement, Rosa effected her escape from the villainous spoiler of virtue, and, assuming the habit of a hermit, had lived in a cavern, in a remote part of the forest. Her father daily supplied her with food, sufficient for herself and Martin, which was conveyed to the unfortunate captive through the aperture in the oak. Thus was the diabolical schemes of Rhinaldo effectually obviated; and I am happy to add, that Martin is now extricated from his extraordinary prison, and will be united to the lovely Rosa in the course of a day or two.

Ah! dearest Rosabella, I love you most sincerely, and am truly miserable at our separation; but, notwithstanding this, I shall remain here a few days longer on purpose to join the rural dance, at the wedding of Rosa and Martin.

Adieu,

X.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

ON Friday, October 16, 1807, as the Ermington-hundred volunteers were returning from permanent duty at Plymouth, Mr. Richard King, a serjeant in the corps, and respectable tradesman of Modbury, was met on Sakers-bridge by a cart, the horse of which, frightened by the soldiers passing, became restive and plunged; Mr. King, in his endeavours to avoid the wheels, nearly upon him, pressed close to the railing, which was very low, and losing his balance, unfortunately fell over an height of thirty-five feet to the surface of the water. The river, by long prevailing rains, was greatly swollen, and compressed by the narrow arches of the bridge, ran with so much rapidity, that Mr. King, although an excellent swimmer, was carried by the stream towards the ware; here his situation became awfully perilous, and his companions who run by his side, unable to afford him the least assistance, now gave him up for lost; but that presence of mind which providentially never left him, rose proportionally as the danger encreased; crossing his arms he ceased to struggle, and as the course of the river from the bridge, about 300 yards westerly, now took a southern direction, he was precipitated over the ware-head, a depth of forty feet, and forming an angle of at least forty-five degrees.

It was now the anxious spectators regarded him as lost for ever; but the supposed means of his destruction proved those of his deliverance, for the tide coming in contact, with the river below the fall, formed an immense sheet of water as smooth as a mill-pond, from which, about two minutes after, they saw the object of their solicitude rear his head, buoyed up as it were by his knapsack, more than any visible remaining strength.

The danger of a fellow-creature operates magically on generous minds; no sooner was he seen in a state where aid was practicable, than two of the company stripped, and plunged into the water, from which they happily brought their friend and neighbour, although in an exhausted state, without any material injury.

Mr. King is a powerful, athletic man, in the prime of life, and happily possessing a firm and vigorous mind, the presence of which never, for a moment, forsook him in the whole of this perilous trial.

ORIGINATED MURIATIC ACID.

THE linen trade, in which a capital of many millions is engaged, derived great advantage from the method of whitening, by a chemical basis, discovered by Monsieur Berthollet. The use of it, however, has fallen into disrepute, by the mismanagement of this powerful operation. When, by want of skill, the whitening does not acquire that purity the manufacture is capable of receiving, it is subsequently injured by a sort of vinous discolouration.

In linens intended for printing, it is absolutely necessary that no soap should be employed in the process. The impression is never perfect whenever this unctuous material is resorted to, and it cannot be received on the linen until an alkaline ablution shall have extracted all remains of grease. This information is given by Sir Robert Peele, of Manchester, Mr. Ainsworth, of Bolton, and various other manufacturers of our own country. In addition to these, we have the testimony of Messrs. Descroifilles, Brothers, of Rouen, and of Messrs Oberkampt and Winder, of Jouy, who are the greatest manufacturers in Europe of the elegant article called Indiennes.

A QUESTION, *by J. Cooper, of Penzance.*

GIVEN the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle = 25 yards, and the length of a line let fall from the right angle on the hypothenuse = 12 yards, to find the base and perpendicular by algebra, and the real solution.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to T. Rutger's Rebus, inserted September 14.

ONE-HALF of the bird if rightly you take,
And join it with COLN, then LINCOLN you'll make.

§‡§ A similar answer has been received from H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. V. near Helston; Walter, of the Plymouth volunteers; and a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers.

Answer, by J. H. of Bristol, to R. Loosemore's Enigma, inserted September 14.

YOUR lines, if I'm allow'd to guess,
WATER is what they do express.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; G. P. O. of Beer; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; Corporal Colley, Soho, and T. Coumbe, of St. Germad's; W. Cave, of Pitney; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Horsey, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; J. Medland, of St. Bude; J. V. near Helston; Walter, of the Plymouth volunteers; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A CHARADE, *by Quill, of Aveton Giffard.*

WITHOUT my first my second ne'er had been,
And yet before my first my second's to be seen:
My whole may you and I regard,
We then shall meet a just reward.

A REBUS, *by S. D. of South Petherton.*

A Bishop burnt in bloody Mary's reign;
A foreign mountain you will next explain;
A hill near ancient Troy you must explore;
Then fourthly a just king in days of yore;
To find my last, and form aright the rear,
A town in France you next must make appear;
Find the initials, them combine aright,
A foreign river then will come to sight.

A REBUS, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

A Valve, Sirs, for my first, you'll find;
A witch my next will bring to mind;
Thirdly a token will appear;
Fourthly what many often are;
Fifthly what's rather scarce and bright;
An animal last comes to sight:
The initials join'd in order true,
A well-known bird will come in view.

☞ *The omissions complained of by the authoress of the Ring were, in some measure, occasioned, by herself. The manuscript came to the office in loose sheets, unpaged. A few pages were omitted to be inserted in their proper place, and could not be afterwards restored with propriety.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.

[TO BENVOLIO.]

REMORSELESS time on swiftest pinion flies,
And hourly brings us nearer to our home!
Happy for mortal man not to despise
The precious moments that must seal his doom.

Short is the span of life; ev'n at the best
'Tis but a dream—a gay, delusive dream!
In a few years are all our days express'd,
And they quite short and transitory seem!

"Be timely wise," our reason will exclaim,
"Improve the moments that so quickly fly;
"Let wisdom the immortal soul inflame;
"Let sweet religion lift her to the sky!"

'Tis there must we direct our wand'ring sight,
There must we hope triumphantly to rise;
A Saviour's merits there our steps invite,
A Saviour's woes bid us our own despise.

'Tis he alone that bids us nobly live,
'Tis he that teaches how we ought to die;
How we the wreck of nature may survive,
And kindly points to brighter scenes on high.

These are the scenes, Oh ever-honour'd sire!
Divine propriety gives to thine eyes:
These are the scenes thy gen'rous breast inspire,
Virtue's all-glorious, all-celestial prize.

Oh happy father! happy in thy cares—
Thy cares are joys—they seek thy children's good;
High Heav'n himself thy kindred friend declares,
And feeds those joys with an ambrosial food.

For ah! how calm, how soft that sweet repose,
Where piety and truth direct the soul!
Ev'n the extensive scene of human woes,
No more are woes beneath their soft controul.

Yes, honour'd father! they will ever be
Th' illustrious luminaries of thy life:
They are the pow'rs that cheer mortality,
And dissipate the clouds of care and strife.

This is thy birth-day—see another year
On the increasing list of life complete!
May many birth-days to thine eyes appear,
And thee with inexpressive lustre greet!

Bright as celestial day, Oh may they rise!
Without a cloud their glory to obscure;
Oh may the kindest influence of the skies,
One scene of rapture and delight ensure!

May

May the heavenly delegates around,
Smooth ev'ry path, and soften ev'ry care!
And, when from mortal chains thou are unbound,
To its own Heav'n thy happy spirit bear!

Trent. B. A.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The DEITY OBVIOUS *in his* WORKS.

TO immaterial, things material lead,
In reason's province, if maturely weigh'd:
Effects, examin'd, adumbrate their cause,
In their component parts, adjuncts, and laws;
And, when mechanic, this grand truth advance,
Mutations new, argue a providence:
A cause supreme! Almighty it must be,
Which presupposes life and energy,
Wisdom, and love; impassable, complete;
Eternal, independent, infinite.

A ruling power! the works of nature show,
In Heaven above, and thro' the earth below!
Whose potent word sustains the wond'rous whole,
And gives it motion's energetic soul.
Perfect and happy, in himself he's blest,
For ever active in unchanging rest;
Diffusive good fond to communicate,
And his just will alone true, sovereign fate:
From boundless knowledge he must govern well,
None can his eye elude, or arm repel;
His views are true; his judgment cannot err,
And wisdom guides him, which his works declare;
His acts are free, and infinite his mind;
'Tis God, thro' nature, governs unconfin'd.

Dock, Devon.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SONG.

CEASE, cease, little warbler, thy song,
I no longer can relish thy strain;
Since Mary inconstant has prov'd,
Thy music is carol'd in vain.

Ye roses your crimson withdraw,
My anguish your odours reprove;
Your fragrance for nought ye bestow,
Since false is the maid of my love.

Ye riv'lets your murmurs give o'er,
Ye bowers your verdure resign;
Not all the gay sweets ye can pour
Can charm such a bosom as mine.

Ye storms of the winter arise,
And blast the green pride of the grove;
Where the syren in beauty array'd
First taught me the transports of love.

Camborne. J. B.